ÆSOP

AT

St. JAMES's.

By Isaac Freeman, *Esq*;

Britanni *cum florerent æquis Legibus,*
Æsopus *talem tum fabellam retulit.*

LONDON:

Printed for the Author; and Sold by A. Dodd without Temple-Bar; E. Nutt, and A. Smith at the Royal-Exchange; and most Bookfellers in London and Westminster. 1729.

(Price Sixpence.)

ÆSOP, &c.

ÆSOP, a keen Satyrick Name,
In Cent'ries paſt well known by Fame,
Admir'd, for giving Beaſts and Birds,
For wiſeſt Ends, the Uſe of Words,
To check Man's Folly in a Trice,
And by a Fable ſhame from Vice;
Finding the World, yet ſomewhat Ill,
Had Buſineſs for a Satyriſt ſtill,
Lately reſolv'd to live once more,
And make to Earth another Tour;
Then firſt, propos'd, to every Court,
Throughout fair *Europe* to reſort,
There try, *which* gave the ſtrongeſt Theme,
For ſharp Reproach, or juſt Eſteem.
In ſome ſhort *Fables*, having chid
Vienna, *Paris*, and *Madrid*,
For puzzling one another's Senſe,
And keeping *Europe* in Suſpence,
Whether ſoft Peace will be reſtor'd,
Or the laſt Iſſue be the Sword,
And in the like rebuking Strain,
Left other Nations with Diſdain;

He ſteer'd him next to *Britain*'s Coaſt,
The Realm that rais'd his Hopes the moſt;
That Realm till laſt he kept unſeen,
Where valiant *GEORGE* and *CAROLINE*
With Royal Virtues fill'd the Throne,
And made their Subjects Bliſs their own,
Beheld with Pride their envied Iſle,
With Plenty and with Freedom ſmile.
Soon as arriv'd, without Delay,
He to *St. James*'s bends his Way,
Burning to ſee the *Royal Pair*,
Of whom Report had ſpoke ſo fair;
Whoſe Smiles ſo charm'd, whoſe Sov'reign Rays
Did with ſo ſweet an Influence blaze,
That all who ſaw them, muſt adore,
And fondly gaze, to gaze the more;
The *Royal Pair* he quickly found,
With their *bright Off-ſpring* circled round;
A Sight ſo noble, with Surprize,
O'erpow'r'd at firſt his dazzled Eyes,
He ſeem'd awhile confus'd and loſt,
Where to beſtow his Wonder moſt;
Whether on Thoſe, whoſe ſcepter'd Hand
With preſent Bleſſings ſtor'd the Land,
Or Thoſe, whoſe younger Virtues bloom,
Fair Pledges of its Bliſs to come.
Whilſt thus he paus'd, the *Stranger Gueſt*
Stood to our *SOVEREIGN*'s Eye confeſt;
With *inward Worth* his *Features* ſtrong
Eclips'd the gayer courtly Throng;
Thro' his mean Frame *Theſe BRUNSWICK* ſpy'd,
(For what can *Worth* from *BRUNSWICK* hide?)

And ſtrait invited to his Ear,
The deep diſcerning *Traveller*;
‘ Ask'd of his Viſit the Occaſion;
‘ And what his Thoughts were of the Nation?
‘ Wherein true Greatneſs is deſcry'd,
‘ And Monarchs ſhine with nobleſt Pride?
‘ What ſhould by Kings be underſtood
‘ Of POW'R——*but Pow'r of doing Good?*
All which the *Old Philoſopher*,
In *Fables* apt, reſolv'd ſo clear,
So modeſt, and to Truth ſo juſt,
So void of Flatt'ry; treacherous Truſt!
As made him more and more careſs'd,
And lock'd each Phraſe in *BRUNSWICK*'s Breaſt.
The *Royal* Grace to *Æſop* ſhown,
Made thro' the Court his Merit known;
From All around he gain'd Eſteem,
Of All around the fav'rite Theme.
Such ſtrong, ſuch bold Replies he made,
Such Wiſdom ſhone in all he ſaid,
That happy was or Duke or Lord,
Who could With *Æſop* change a Word.
Amongſt the reſt, (as 'tis moſt rare,
In Courts but ſome baſe Spirits are,)
A Set of Men, who've labour'd long,
From private Views, and Malice ſtrong,
To raiſe Cabals, and Publick Jarrs,
And ſneer the Conduct of Affairs;
(In Hopes to ſerve more ſure their End,
By gaining *Æſop* for their Friend,)
Engag'd his Company, and ſtrait
On their old Topick fell;——the State.

With artful Sighs, and piteous Face,
They mourn'd the Realm's unhappy Caſe,
With counterfeited Tears complain'd,
Of Stocks declin'd, and Treaſure drain'd,
The Subjects fleec'd, new Taxes laid,
Old Debts remaining yet unpaid,
And fifty other ſuch like Things;
Tho' on the Throne the beſt of Kings.

To own *this laſt*, 'twas Prudence thought;
They then ask'd *Æſop*, where the Fault
Of all this frightful Train of Woes,
Could well be charg'd, except on *Thoſe*,
Who with Pretenſions weak, had thruſt
Themſelves unfairly into Truſt,
And ſteer'd the Helm with wicked Hand,
Abuſing both the *PRINCE* and *Land*:
Affirming roundly it was meet,
Things ſhould be plac'd in Hands more fit;
With a broad Hint, as who ſhould ſay,
What Hands more fit than Ours, we pray?

The *Sage*, who at many Courts had been,
And all the various Arts had ſeen,
Of *loud-mouth'd Stateſmen* in Diſgrace,
And *mimick Patriots* out of *Place*,
Attentive all this while had born
Their baſe Harangues with ſilent Scorn;
Quite tir'd at laſt, *to check their Pride*,
With honeſt Courage thus reply'd.

'Sirs, I have ſojourn'd in your Clime,
'You'll think perhaps, too ſmall a Time,
'To doubt the Inſtances you ſhow,
'Of your lamented Country's Woe,

' Or dare to judge the Pangs you feel,
' More *Private Pique*, than *Publick Zeal.*
' But if for once I may make free,
' And ſpeak as Things appear to Me,
' Why then, my Sentiments ſincere,
' In this plain Fable you ſhall hear.

A courteous Knight, of vaſt Eſtate,
In Jewels, Money, Land and Plate,
Amongſt his other Treaſure, found
Sev'ral large Fiſh-Ponds in his Ground,
With all the choiceſt Sorts well ſtor'd,
Fit to adorn an Emp'ror's Board;
With theſe delighted much, he had
An honeſt Bailiff that he had,
Take't to his ſpecial Charge and Care,
That no vile Poacher plunder'd there.
The Bailiff as expert as juſt,
Strictly diſcharg'd his Maſter's Truſt,
And kept ſo vigilant an Eye,
That not one Poacher durſt come nigh.
Of ſuch ſweet Treaſure thus depriv'd,
The Thieving Gang at length contriv'd
The Bailiff, in Revenge, t'accuſe,
As one who did his Truſt abuſe,
In Hopes, if OUTED, in his Stead,
ONE for their *Purpoſe might SUCCEED.*
This once reſolv'd; without Delay,
To the Knight's Seat they poſt away;
As ſoon as enter'd, they begin,
The Story of the Bailiff's Sin;
That the beſt Fiſh, for ſhameful Ends,
He caught——to ſell——or feaſt his Friends.

And

And that in Truſt if longer kept,
A ſingle Carp would ſcarce be left.
The Knight, He for the Bailiff ſent,
Who came and pleaded innocent,
And begg'd him, for his Satisfaction,
To ask the Fiſh Themſelves the Queſtion,
Whether his Conduct e'er did ſeem,
Injurious or to Him or Them.
The Knight, a Man of true ſound Reaſon,
Thought the Propoſal made in Seaſon,
And Two o'th' oldeſt ſent for ſtrait,
To end the Matter in Debate.
Soon as the Bailiff's Charge they heard,
They both in his Defence appear'd,
And in ſevereſt Terms diſcloſe
Their Fear and Hatred of his Foes,
Affirming, all the ſcaly Race,
Would grieve to ſee him out of Place;
That he but Angled, *and took Care*
To catch no more than they could ſpare,
Or for his HONOUR's *Service ſuited,*
And always kept the Ponds recruited;
But if thoſe Men ſhould work his Fall,
'Twas known, they'd Nets to drag *them all:*
This ſaid, his HONOUR *made no more,*
But ſhew'd th' Accuſers *to his Door.*
Here *Æſop* clos'd.——
The Faction had no more to ſay,
But hung their Heads, and ſlunk away.

F I N I S.